



The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

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MISSOURI NEWS

SYNOPSIS.

Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspoiled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland. James Armstrong, Maitland's protégé, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing irritates the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help. Kirby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and is shocked. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms Enid into a raging torrent, which sweeps Enid into a gorge, where she is rescued by a mountain hermit after a thrilling experience. Campers in great confusion upon discovering Enid's absence when the storm breaks, Maitland and Old Kirby go in search of the girl. Enid discovers that her ankle is sprained and that she is unable to walk. Her mysterious rescuer carries her to his camp. Enid goes to sleep in the strange man's bunk.

CHAPTER X—(Continued.)

Have you ever climbed a mountain early in the morning while it was yet dark and having gained some dominant crest stood staring at the far horizon, the empurpled east, while the "dawn came up like thunder"? Or better still, have you ever stood within the cold, dark recesses of some deep valley of river or pass and watched the clear light spread its bars athwart the heavens like nebulous mighty pinions along the light touched crest of a towering range, until all of a sudden, with a leap almost of joy, the great sun blazed in the high horizon?

You might be born a child of the dark, and light might sear and burn your eye balls accustomed to cooler deeper shades, yet you could no more turn away from this glory, though you might hate it, than by mere effort of will you could cease to breathe the air. The shock that you might feel, the sudden surprise, is only faintly suggestive of the emotions in the breast of this man.

Once long ago the gentlest and tenderest of voices called from the dark to the light, the blind. And it is given to modern science and to modern skill sometimes to emulate that godlike achievement. Perhaps the surprise, the amazement, the bewilderment, of him who having been blind doth now see, if we can imagine it not having been in the case ourselves, will be a better guide to the understanding of this man's emotion when this woman came suddenly into his lonely orbit. His eyes were opened although he would not know it. He fought down his new consciousness and would have none of it. Yet it was there. He loved her!

With what joy did Selkirk welcome the savage sharer of his solitude! Suppose she had been a woman of his own race; had she been old, withered, hideous, he must have loved her on the instant, much more if she were young and beautiful. The thing was inevitable. Such passions are born. God forbid that we should deny it. In the busy haunts of men where women are as plenty as blackberries, to use Falstaff's simile, and where a man may sometimes choose between a hundred, or a thousand, such loves are born, forever.

A voice in the night, a face in the street, a whispered word, the touch of a hand, the answering throb of another heart—and behold! two walk together before each walked alone. Sometimes the man or the woman who is born again of love knows it not, refuses to admit it, refuses to recognize it. Some birth pain must awaken the consciousness of the new life.

If those things are true and possible under every day conditions and to ordinary men and women, how much more to this solitary, who had seen this woman, white breasted like the foam, rising as the ancient goddess from the Paphian sea. Over that recollection, as he was a gentleman and a Christian, he would fain draw a curtain, before it erect a wall. He must not dwell upon that fact, he would not linger over that moment. Yet he could not forget it.

Then he had seen her lying prone, yet unconsciously graceful in her abandonment, on the sward; he had caught a glimpse of her white face desperately upturned by the rolling water; he had looked into the unfathomable depth of her eyes at that moment when she had awakened in his arms after such a struggle as had taxed his sturdiness and almost broken his heart; he had carried her unconsciously, glancing white with her pain-drawn face, stumbling desperately over the rocks in the beating rain to this, his home. There he had held the poor, bruised slender little foot in his hand, gently, skilfully treating it, when he longed to press his lips passionately upon it. Last of all he had looked into her face, warmed with the red light of the fire, searched her weary eyes almost like blue pools, in whose depths there yet lurked life and light, with his golden hair tinged auburn.

MERCY A QUALITY UNKNOWN

Remarkably Cruel Punishments That Were Visited on Offenders in the Olden Days.

Old time punishment for offenses at sea was most severe. The code of the time of Richard I. of England, drawn up for the government of his fleet on the crusades, provided "that whoso killed any person on shipboard should be tied with him that was slain and thrown into the sea. And if he killed

left the latch, it fell gently, he drew back and turned away trembling, a conqueror who mastered himself. He was awake to the truth again.

What had he been about to do? Profane, uninvited, the sanctity of her chamber, violate the hospitality of his own house? Even with a proper motive, imperil his self-respect, shatter her trust, endanger that honor which so suddenly became a part of him on demand? She would not probably know; she could never know unless she awoke. What of that? That ancient honor of his life and race rose like a mountain whose scarped face cannot be scaled.

He fell back with a swift turn, a feeling almost womanly; and more men, perhaps, if they lived, in feminine isolation, as self-centered as women are so often by necessity, would be as feminine as their sisters—influenced him, however him. His hand went to his hunting shirt. Nervously he tore it open; he grasped a bright object that hung against his breast. As he did so, the thought came to him that not before in five years had he been for a moment unconscious of the pressure of that locket over his heart, but now that this other had come, he had to seek for it to find it.

The man dragged it out, held it in his hand and opened it. He held it so tightly that it almost gave beneath the strong grasp of his strong hand. From a nearby box he drew another object with his other hand. He took the two to the light, the soft light of the candle upon the table, and stared from one to the other with eyes brimming.

Like crystal gazers, he saw other things than those presented to the casual vision. He heard other sounds than the beat of the rain upon the roof, the roar of the wind down the canon. A voice that he had sworn he would never forget, but which, God forgive him, had not now the clearness that it might have had yesterday, whispered awful words to him.

Anon he looked into another face, red, too, with a hue from the hearth or leaping flame, but red with the blood of ghastly wounds. He heard again that report, the roar louder and more terrible than any peal of thunder that rived the clouds above his head and made the mountains quake and tremble. He was conscious again of the awful stillness of death that super-vened. He dropped on his knees,



throbs in the breast of those who depend on it feel that their dependence is not in vain, watched over her.

Cherishing no ill thought, the man had power to gratify his desire which might yet bear a sinister construction should it be observed. It was his privacy he was invading. She had trusted to him, she had said so, to his honor, and that stood her in good stead. His honor! Not in five years had he heard the word or thought the thing, but he had not forgotten it. She had not appeared to an unreal thing; upon that her trust was based. His hand buried his face in his hands where they rested on picture and locket on the rude table.

Ah, the past died hard, for a moment he was the lover of old—remorse, passionate expiation, solitude—he and the dead together—the world and the living forgot! He would not be false, he would be true, there was no power in any feeble woman's tender hand to drive him off his course, to shake his purpose, to make him a new, another man. Oh, Vanias, Vanias!

On the other side of the door the work of some difficulty in view of her wounded foot, and of the stiff condition of her rough, dried apparel. Presently she was completely clothed, save for that disrobed foot. With the big clumsy bandages upon it, she could not draw her stocking over it, and even if she succeeded in that, she could in no way make shift to put on her boot.

The situation was awkward, the predicament annoying. She was wearing bloomers and a short skirt for her mountain climbing, and she did not know quite what to do. She thought of tearing up one of the rough, unbleached sheets and wrapping it around her leg, but she hesitated as to that. It was very trying. Otherwise, she would have opened the door and stepped out into the open air. Now she felt herself virtually a prisoner.

She had been thankful that no one had disturbed her, but now she wished for the governing of his South American expedition in 1617, was that that no man should be allowed to gamble for his arms or clothes "on the pain of being disarmed and made a swabber of the ship." A general punishment for blasphemy at this time was for the offender to be bound to the mainmast with an iron bit between his teeth, the alternative being a scarping of the tongue. All sorts of odd and frequently hideous punishments are to be found described in old manuscripts. In 1775 a man found drunk aboard or

for the man. In her helplessness she thought of his resourcefulness with eagerness. The man, however, did not appear, and there was nothing for her to do but to wait for him. Talking one of the blankets from the bed, she sat down and drew it across her knees and took stock of the room.

The cabin was built of logs, the room was large, perhaps 12 by 20 feet, with one side completely taken up by the stone fireplace; there were two windows, one on either side of the outer door, which opened toward the southwest. The walls were unplastered save in the chinks between the rough hewn logs of which it was made.

untranslatable emotions that she studied this picture. She marked with a certain resentment the bold beauty quite apparent, despite the dim fading outlines of a photograph never very good. So far as she could discern, the woman was dark haired and dark eyed—her direct antithesis! The casual viewer would have found little of fault in the presentment, but Enid Maitland's eyes were sharpened by what, pray? At any rate, she decided that the woman was of a rather coarse fiber, that in things finer and higher she would be found wanting. She was such a woman, so the girl reasoned acutely, as might inspire a passionate



Over the fireplace and around on one side ran a rude shelf covered with books. She had no opportunity to examine them, although later she would become familiar with every one of them.

Into the walls on the other side were driven wooden pegs; from some of them hung a pair of snow shoes, a heavy Winchester rifle, fishing tackle and other necessary wilderness paraphernalia. On the puncheon floor wall and bear skins were spread. In one corner against the wall again were piled several splendid pairs of horns from the mountain sheep.

The furniture consisted of the single bed or berth in which she had slept, built against the wall in one of the corners, a rude table on which were writing materials and some books. A row of curtained shelves, evidently made of small boxes and surmounted by a mirror, occupied another space. There were two or three chairs, the handwork of the owner, comfortable enough in spite of their rude construction. On some other pegs hung a slicker and a sou'wester, a fur overcoat, a fur cap and other rough clothes; a pair of heavy boots stood by the fireplace. On another shelf there were a number of scientific instruments, the nature of which she could not determine, although she could see that they were all in a beautiful state of preservation.

There was plenty of rude comfort in the room, which was excessively manish. In fact, there was nothing anywhere which in any way spoke of the existence of woman—except a picture in a small, rough, wooden frame which stood on the table before which she sat down. The picture was of a handsome woman—naturally Enid Maitland, saw that before anything else. She would not have been a woman if that had not engaged her attention more forcibly than any other fact in the room. She picked it up and studied it long and earnestly, quite unconscious of the reason for her interest, and yet a certain uneasy feeling might have warned her of what was toward in her bosom.

This young woman had not yet had time to get her bearings. She had not been able to realize all the circumstances of her adventure. So soon as she did so she would know that into her life a man had come, and whatever the course of that life might be in the future, he would never again be out of it.

It was therefore with mingled and

may summon up, but no harm can come even to a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples before going to bed.

The apple, proceeds this authority, is excellent brain food because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all: the apple prevents indigestion and throat diseases.—Family Doctor.

Apples for Insomnia.

People ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons untroubled in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion

SENDS BROTHER BACK TO JAIL.

Joplinian's Parole Revoked When He Violates Relative's Confidence.

Jefferson City.—Tom Finn of Joplin, who was paroled by Gov. Hadley in February, 1911, will be returned to the penitentiary upon the request and recommendation of his brother, W. J. Finn, to serve out the remainder of his sentence.

The brother notified the governor that Finn had violated his parole. W. J. Finn said Tom had been working for him and demeaning himself properly until recently when he became intoxicated and shot at a policeman in Joplin and was arrested. Gov. Hadley revoked the parole and officers of the penitentiary will bring him back to serve out the remainder of a nine-year term for robbery. He was sentenced March 25, 1905.

When Charles A. Denton became pardon attorney he advised against the practice of paroling convicts to their brothers or near relatives.

Hadley on the Fish-Fry Controversy.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Hadley says there is no merit in the controversy that has been warmed over from last year between the officials of the State Game and Fish League of St. Louis County and the employees of the United Railways as to the right of the latter to seine fish in Creve Coeur lake for their annual fish fry. He says the lake is not navigable and that as the railway company owns more than half of the water front, it is a question if it would not have the right anyway to seine nongame fish out of the resort. In any event, the governor says, when the state game and fish commissioner has granted a permit to seine the lake, as in the present case, there is no issue left.

Reunited After 22 Years.

Sedalia.—George R. Succop, aged 22, of Chicago, was reunited with his sister, Mrs. Don Reeves of Sedalia, from whom he had been separated since he was a few months old. When his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, died in Chicago, George was taken by the family of James Succop and grew up as their son. Recently his foster parents told him of his parentage, and he determined to find his sister, Maud Scott. He learned that she had been married at Des Moines a few years ago. After a search she was located here.

Seed Corn in Razorback Stage.

Columbia.—"Seed corn is still in the razorback stage," asserted Sam M. Jordan at the farmers' institute. "Better seed, proper rotation and other methods of cultivation will increase the yield everywhere." Jordan told of his work in Pettis county, where he is the pioneer county agricultural expert in Missouri. The nation-wide movement to install county experts, he said, means better things for the farmer.

An All Wright Reunion.

Columbia.—A reunion of the Wright family of the United States was held here. There were Wrights here from all over the country, including several from St. Louis. The encampment is being held near the western limits of Columbia.

Two Appointed on Poultry Board.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Hadley reappointed W. C. Knorr of Pleasant Hill and V. C. Hobbs of Trenton, members of the state poultry board, for a term of three years, beginning August 16, 1912.

Callaway County Pioneer Dies.

Fulton.—Elijah S. Buckner, 78 years old, one of the pioneer citizens of Callaway county, is dead at his home at Auxvasse. Buckner was a Confederate veteran and an uncle of R. R. Buckner, member of the board of managers of the Fulton state hospital.

Miss Pattie Guthrie, Writer, Dies.

Fulton.—Miss Pattie Guthrie, 35, died here. Formerly she was a contributor to magazines, but gave up her work on account of ill health. She spent several winters in Mexico and her book on the life and conditions in Mexico was one of the best she had written.

McPheeters Goes to Warrensburg.

Fulton.—Rev. Colin A. McPheeters who recently accepted the chair of psychology in Blackburn college at Carlinville, Ill., has been released from his contract and has accepted the same position with the state normal at Warrensburg.

Hermann Couple Wed 50 Years.

Montgomery City.—Fifty years ago in little St. Martins log church, which has passed into history, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Stratton of Hermann, were married by Rev. Frank Russe. The same minister attended their golden wedding.

Sedalia Lets Road Jobs.

Sedalia.—The commissioners of the Sedalia twelve-mile road district have awarded fourteen separate contracts for the construction of forty-one miles of rock road radiating from Sedalia.

Lightning Scare Kills Woman.

Warrensburg.—During a thunder storm lightning struck the home of C. E. Harlan, a merchant, igniting the house. His wife, who was ill, had to be removed to the home of a neighbor and died shortly afterward from the shock.

Frisco Employee Electrocuted.

Springfield.—Lee Tobias, 24, a tinner in the Frisco shops, was electrocuted while working in a refrigerator car. An insulated wire, which furnished light for the car, touched a metal device with which he was working.

Boy, Accidentally Shot, Dies.

Columbia.—Erl Reams, 18-year-old son of J. Meridith Reams, a farmer near Murry, was shot accidentally by his 14-year-old brother, Lee. T. died shortly afterward.